

### Dialogues between John Hasty and Caleb Careful.

JOHN. There it goes—just as I expected. That is my luck; if I only look at a string it will break. I wish you would mend my kite, Caleb; for you are one of the lucky ones. Every thing passes smoothly through your hands; but if I only touch a thing—crack, smash it goes! Mother says that I make more trouble about the house than all the rest of the children; but how can I help it?

CALEB. Did you ever try to help it, John?

JOHN. Try? What is the use of trying? I am always unlucky; for only yesterday, as I sat down to the table, a fish-hook that I happened to have in my pocket caught in Susan's dress; I gave it a jerk, and tore her sleeve half off, knocked over the castor, salt-cellar, and I don't know what else; for father told me to leave the table, and so I lost my dinner.

CALEB. Lost your dinner is nothing to what you will lose, John, if you dash through the world in this style. I see your new garden rake has lost five teeth; how did that happen?

JOHN. How did that happen? Why they were extracted all at once, and without the use of chloroform either. As I was raking, it came against a root which held the rake fast. I was in a hurry, and felt provoked, so I gave it a sudden pull, and out came the teeth.

CALEB. And the beautiful new book which your uncle Charles gave you, has several of its leaves badly torn, I notice.

JOHN. Well, that again is just my luck. I found some leaves that had not been trimmed, and I was in a great hurry to read, and my knife would not cut; so I gave it a twitch, and tore the leaves. You see I am unlucky, Caleb.

CALEB. Really, John, you seem to have a great deal of trouble. But if you are to 'JERK,' 'TWITCH,' and 'PULL' in this way, you will not get along very smoothly in the world. I sincerely pity you, and if you will listen to me, I will tell you two little words, which, if duly regarded, will make you a lucky boy.

JOHN. What are they? If two words can make me lucky, I ought to have known them before.

CALEB. It is not too late now. They are simply these: 'Keep cool!'

JOHN. Keep cool! How can any one keep cool when every thing turns upside down as soon as it is touched? If you were as unlucky as I am, Caleb, you would have to get into a snow-bank to 'keep cool.'

CALEB. Why, John, you seem to be a little sportive; but I should think you had a pretty good substitute for a 'snow-bank' last Saturday, when you fell into the mill-pond.

JOHN. That is just my luck. Any other boy might have skated there a month, and the ice would never have thought of breaking. But it is just as I told you; let me touch a thing, and—CRACK, SMASH, it goes. I have a mind to fold my arms and do nothing.

CALEB. You say that other boys might have skated a month, and the ice would never have thought of breaking; but, John, it is not for ice, strings, rakes, and knives to think, it is for those to think who have received from God the gift of reason, and must render an account of their words and actions.

JOHN. But you are becoming quite as serious as I was 'SPORTIVE.' I did not think you were going to preach a sermon, or I would have given you another text; for I am tired of being called careless, impatient, or headstrong.

CALEB. I have no doubt your friends would like a new text and a new subject. Suppose you were to

give them one by becoming a considerate, patient boy.

JOHN. I shall find it very difficult to reform; I have such a habit of doing things in a hurry, and of getting out of patience with every thing that comes in my way.

CALEB. Acquire the habit of thinking, John; always think before you act. Do not become discouraged if you sometimes fail. Bad habits are not overcome at once; you must persevere, be patient, and keep cool.

JOHN. Give me the kite, and I will begin by picking out the knot. Please stand by, and see if I can keep my temper.

CALEB. There; bravely done! John, you will be a philosopher yet.

JOHN. Hope I may. HA! HA! John Hasty, the philosopher! How queer that would sound!

### Happiness.

If you have a merry company around you, if eyes sparkle, and cheeks glow, a mother sews and grand-mother knits, while you hold the newspaper, snuggled down in that cozy arm-chair, and enjoying the small talk generally, what a happy being you are! How good the roast apples smell!—Down comes the crimson coal—showering all over them. Quick Jonny! mother, hand us the shovel. There! all right!—look at the baby's eyes; they are full of roast apples. You shall have some, Charley, if mother don't say no.

Mother don't say so, as it is baby's first introduction to winter luxuries; so a bit of the yellow apple melts on his rosy lips. He laughs and makes faces, and every body else laughs and makes faces at him just for fun.

On the outside, old Winter gives flourish with his bagpipes.

List your doors and shut out the wind at the same time shut out of your heart. Mend your gates, and mend—your manners we were going to say—there is room for improvement in every thing. Lay in your sugar and molasses, and as much sweet temper, (warranted not to ferment,) as will keep till spring.

Preserve your peaches and your equanimity.

Keep the mold from your cheese, your pork barrel and your memory; the two former by being careful, the latter by being virtuous. Look over your apples and potatoes occasionally, and over-look your neighbor's faults.

Give your attention to business—give of your abundance to the poor. By following these rules we will insure you a happy winter.

"GET OUT" YOU Grog-SELLERS.—Dr. Jewitt, in speaking of the effect of mild words on grog-sellers, put forth the following illustration: 'Suppose,' said he, 'you see a hungry dog at a good bone, or say, a fair piece of meat. Would you, if you desired to get the fellow from his bone, say in a calm persuasive tone, come now, my good fellow, please come away; oblige me, please by letting that bone rest, and come and lie down here; come kind, dear fellow? No friends, you would use no such hackneyed epithets; but a strong cudgel in your hand and in a loud tone of voice, you would, with a ringing blow, cry to the dog, 'Get out, you scoundrel! get out you villain!' Yes, this is the way you would move the dog from his bone, and this is the way we will have to move the grog-seller from his dirty and miserable business of selling poison to his fellow-men. We have used moral suasion and kind words long enough, and now we must change our tactics, and call in the law to assist us.'

[St. Louis Advocate.]

He that gives to a grateful man puts his money at compound interest.

### A Scolding Wife.

Got a scolding wife, have you? Well, it's your own fault, ten to one. Women are all naturally amiable, and when their tempers get crossed, it's the men that do it. Just look at yourself as you came home last night! Slamming doors, and kicking every thing that lay in the way right and left—because—well you couldn't tell for the life of you what it was for. Suppose you'd been laying your face under embargo for those who cared nothing about you, smiling and nodding, humming and hawing and wanted to get you where you could enjoy a superlative ill-nature.

No wonder your wife was cross, getting supper with a baby in her arms! Why don't you take the baby, and trot it, and please it? Room was all in confusion—why didn't you put it to rights? "You want a little rest!" So does your wife, and she gets precious little, poor woman. You are at your shop—walking briskly through the sunshine in this bracing weather—reading the paper—meeting friends and acquaintance—sitting cozily in the office. She is at home with clinging arms dragging about her neck, loving but still wearisome at times. She is dependent upon the call of a neighbor for a little break up in her monotonous life, or the opening of a window upon a stunted yard for what fresh air comes. Wake up, man alive, and look into this matter! Put on your best smile the moment your foot touches the door step. Treat the littered room to a broad grin. And your wife to a kiss. Give the baby some sugar plums, and little Bobby a new picture book to busy his bright eyes with. Tell that poor tired looking woman that you've brought her a nice book to read, and that you're going to stay at home of evenings. Our word for it, apologies will be plentiful, supper will come on like magic, everything will have an extra touch. At times there will be something very much like tears in the good woman's eyes, and her voice will be quite husky when she asks you if your tea quite suits you. Of course it will to a charm.

It may be a little silent that evening. You miss the complaining tone, the scolding and fault finding; but your loss is her gain; she is thinking of the long past, but considers upon the whole that she is a happier woman to-night than she ever was in her whole life before.

Give the new plan a fair trial. Gradually as you return, you will find the house in perfect order. Old dresses will be remodeled, and your wife appear as good as new. Home will grow more and more pleasant, and the brightest smile on your features will be reflected on the thought that evening is coming with its pleasant chat of wife and little ones.

Scolding wife indeed! If you men did as you should, wouldn't such a wife be an anomaly?

[Boston Olive Branch.]

### Strangling in the Inquisition.

It was a torture which lasted thirty minutes. On one side stood the Inquisitors; on the other was the executioner. Above the poor victim was suspended, at a considerable height, a tunnel filled with water. He was then bound upon a table on his back. A linen cloth was then drawn tightly over his face. He could breathe; but now the water commences falling drop by drop!—the perspiration starts from the face—the cloth becomes damp—the small hole through which he breathes closes—suffocation commences!—Then came the question of the Inquisitor, "Are you guilty?" He struggles for breath to speak, and faintly answer "No!" Drop by drop falls the water for ten minutes; then

comes another question from the Inquisitor, "Are you guilty?" With great difficulty he answers, "No!" Ten minutes more, and the same question is repeated and answered in the same manner. At the expiration of the next ten minutes comes the last question—"Are you guilty?"—when, with a last effort, he barely whispers "No!" and in another instant he is no more—he is DEAD!

This was the Church of Christ. How could we call those inquisitors the priests of Christ? They were not the priests of Christ, but the priests of the devil. They were murderers and assassins!—Gavazzi.

### To Young Men.

We have in a former number published the appeal to young men adopted by the "Worlds Temperance Convention" in New York in September last. It was from the vigorous pen of the eloquent and noble Y. L. Cuyler, then of New Jersey, but now a pastor in New York city.

We cannot forbear republishing the following extract and commending it to our readers. It is worthy of a place among the gems of eloquence in any work on elocution:

In this warfare for humanity we "have need of patience." Wilberforce toiled through one whole generation before the British Parliament declared the slave-trade to be a piracy. Opinions grow slowly. Let us put our trust in truth rather than majorities. The "prohibitory law" movement was not long ago in a minority of one; but the Lord of Hosts stood with that man, and together they were an overmatch for all that were against them. Galileo, with his telescope, and Columbus, with his compass, each stood up against the world, but they both, at last, brought over the whole world to their positions. May it not be also that before this century closes, the law of Maine may become the law of Christendom? We have learned from the past not to be intimidated by the opposition of numbers. Popular sentiment breaks forth to-day, like a mountain torrent, and swells into sudden inundations, but to-morrow the channel is dry as summer dust. Truth, on the other hand, is like the unsounded ocean, where deep calteth unto deep at the voice of Jehovah. "And if the night of ignorance or prejudice comes down to veil it for a time, it is still there, beating on with the same victorious pulse, and waiting for the day."

Comrades in this glorious warfare! We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. Humanity beckons us onward. We tread upon the dust of heroes as we advance. White-robed Love, floating in mid-air before us, leads us to the conflict. The shouts of the ransomed are in our tents, and the voice of praise makes music amid our banners.

Let us press forward with our age. Let us weave a burnished link in the history of our century. Let us lie down to our rest nearer the goal of human perfection. Let us find in our toils an ever-exciting stimulus—an ever fresh delight. So shall our later annals "be written in the characters of a millennial glory." So shall our posterity be cheered by that sun which shall shine with a sevenfold lustre, as the light of seven days."

Though we are but two or three,  
Sure of triumph we should be,  
We our promised land shall see,  
Though the way seem long,  
Every fearless word we speak  
Makes Sin's strongholds bend and crack,  
Wickedness is always weak,  
But truth is young and strong.

Give a child his will, and a whelp his fill, and neither will thrive.